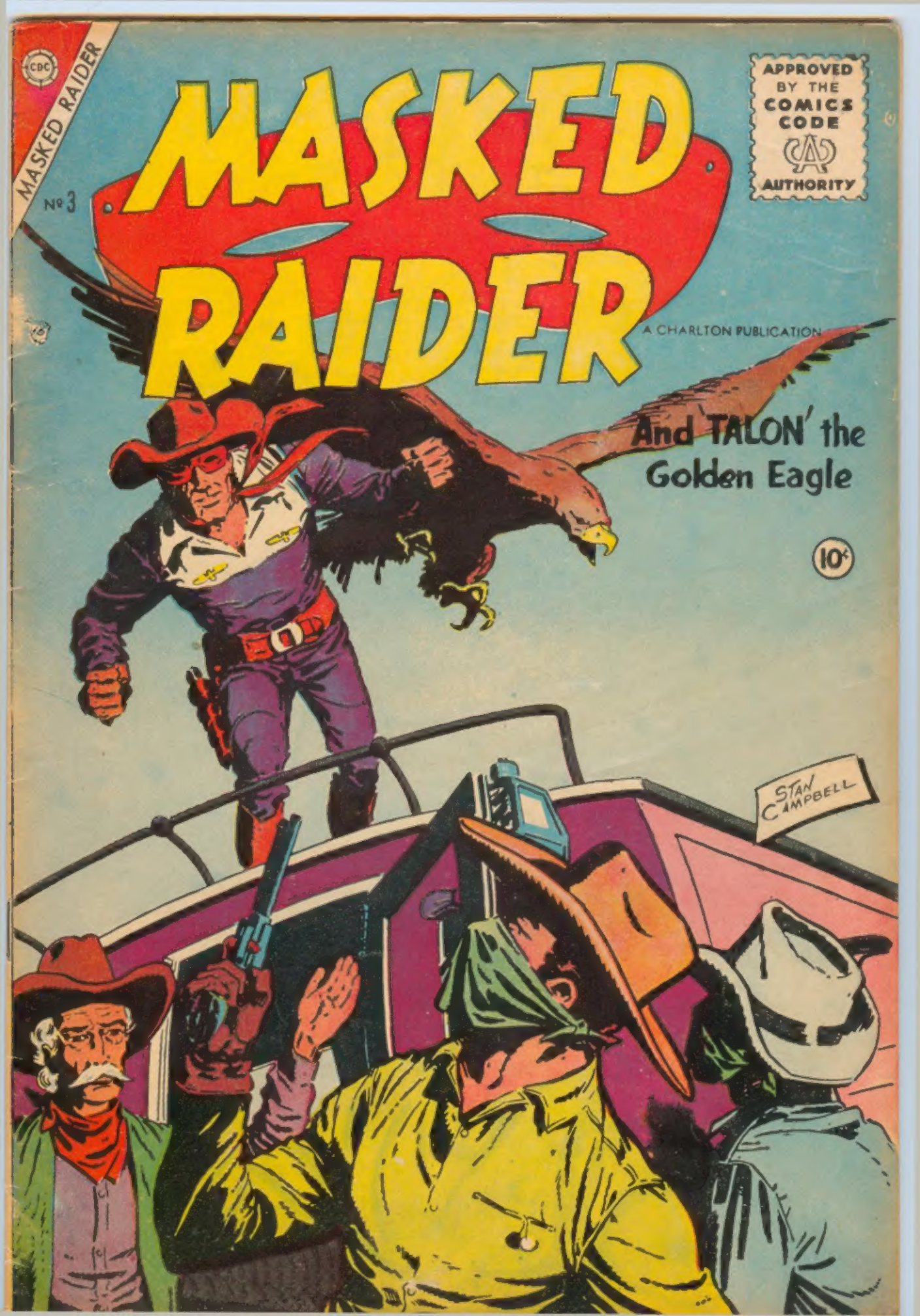
MASKED RAIDER
No 3
MASKED RAIDER
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
And TALON the Golden Eagle
10¢
STAN CAMPBELL

GR-R-RRR!
JUDY and JIM DEFY SAVAGE GORILLA!
GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!
HELP! THE GORILLA IS LOOSE!
STAND BACK! I'VE GOT A GUN!
GET BACK!
LOOK! HE'S CLIMBING BACK INTO HIS CAGE!
THAT BOY AND GIRL SAVED OUR LIVES!
YOU KIDS DESERVE A MEDAL! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT "22" RIFLE AND THAT BOW AND ARROW?
WE EARNED THEM SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!
WOW! I'M GONNA SELL SOME OF THAT SALVE TOO!
Wallets
Food Chopper
Carving Sets
Aluminum Ware
Blankets
Typewriters
Flashlights
Field Glasses
Wrist Watches
Footballs
Archery Sets
Swim Fins
Clocks
Radios, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Mail coupon for order and catalog to start.
Pen & Pencil Sets
DON'T DELAY!
22 Caliber Rifles, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles
MAIL COUPON
LET'S GO!
BIG CATALOG!
ACT NOW!
WE TRUST YOU
Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!
OUR 60TH YEAR
MAIL NOW!
RANGER!
ACT NOW!
WE TRUST YOU
Telescopes
Swim Masks
Swim Fins
Pocket Watches
Ax & Knife Sets
Pocket Watches
Bibles
Footballs
LOOK! LIVE PONY!
Yessiree, a real live Pony for your very own! Wrist Watches, Clocks — Mail coupon for SALVE and pictures to get started now! Flashlights
Boys' girls' Bicycles
Pearls
Ukuleles
Electric Deep Fryer
Wrist Watches
BE FIRST
Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases
Wagons
SOLD BY AGENTS AND MOST STORES EVERYWHERE
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
Dolls
CLOVERINE SALVE
PRICE 35¢
Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 99 , Tyrone, Pa.
WE ARE RELIABLE!
Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 99 , Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.
NAME ..... AGE .....
ST ..... R.D. ..... BOX .....
TOWN ..... ZONE NO. ..... STATE .....
PRINT LAST NAME HERE
Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

MASKED RAIDER **Volume 1, Number 3** **October, 1955**
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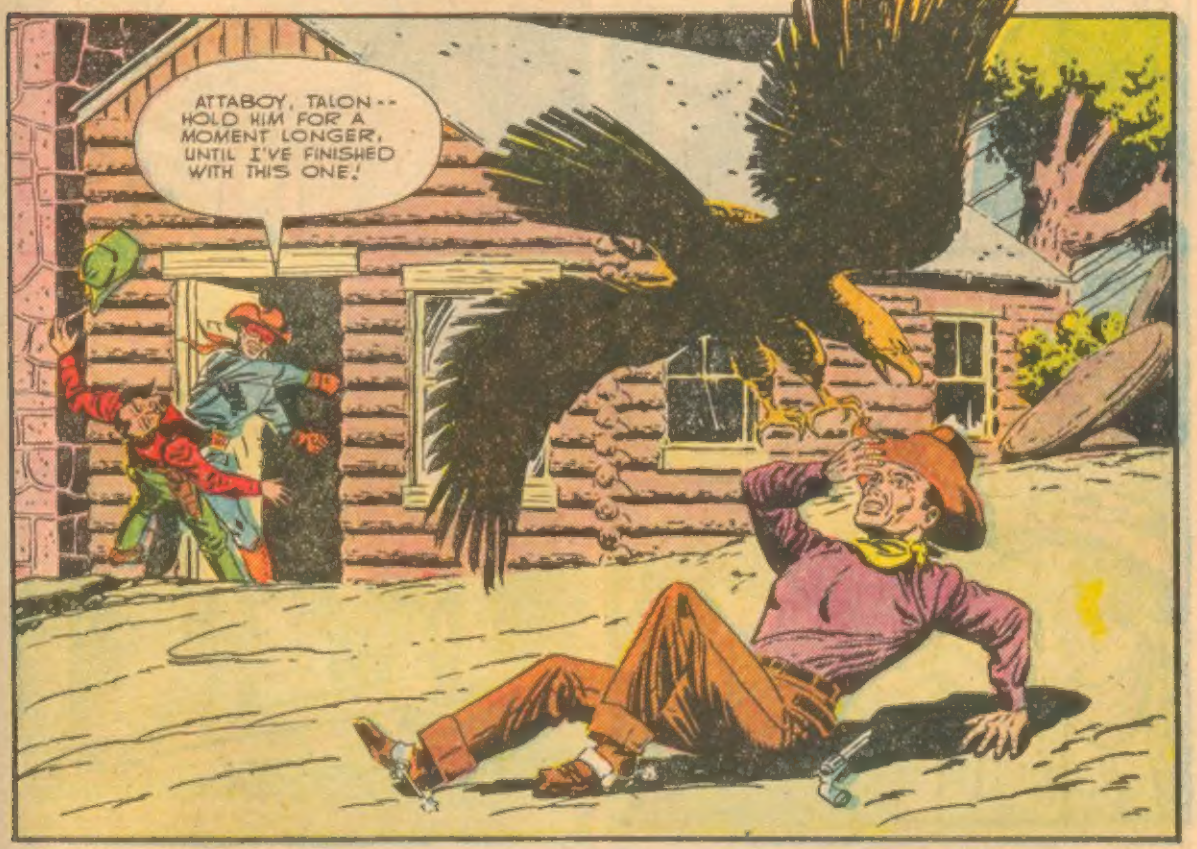
MISSING GOLD SHIPMENT ABOARD A MISSING STAGE COACH PAINTED GOLD, PRESENT A BAFFLING MYSTERY TO THE SHERIFF OF DOUGLAS CITY... UNTIL HELP ARRIVES IN THE FORM OF THE OLD WEST'S MOST UNUSUAL PAIR OF CRIME FIGHTERS... THE....

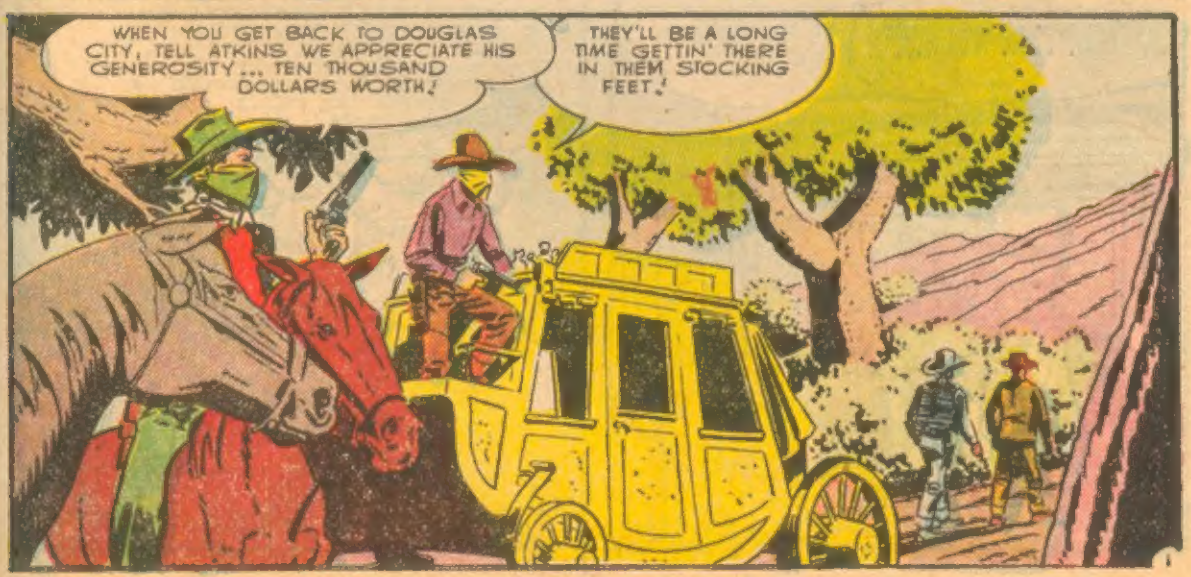
MASKED RAIDER

And 'TALON' the Golden Eagle

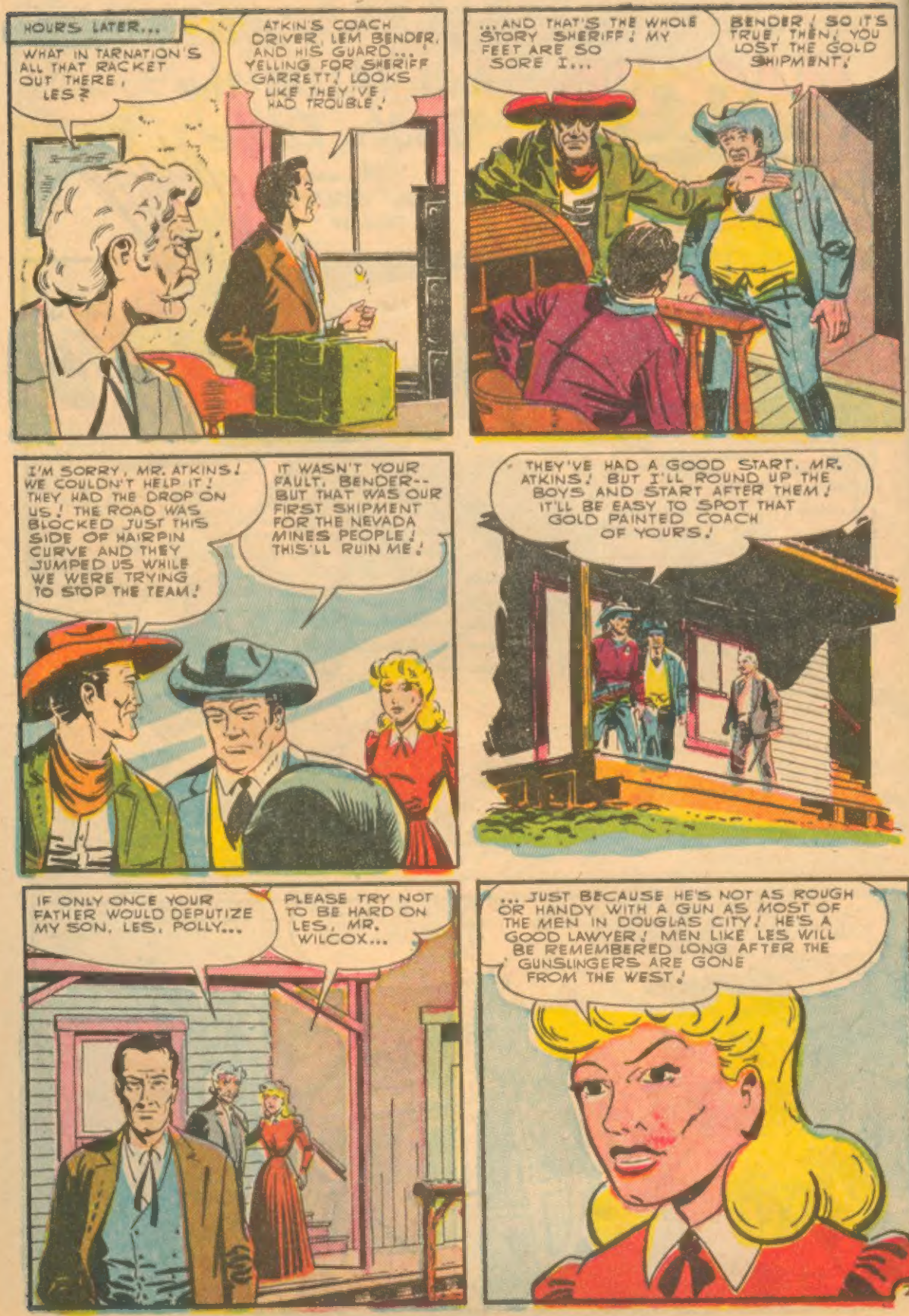
IN

THE GOLDEN COACH




WHEN YOU GET BACK TO DOUGLAS CITY, TELL ATKINS WE APPRECIATE HIS GENEROSITY... TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH!
THEY'LL BE A LONG TIME GETTIN' THERE IN THEM STOCKING FEET!

MASKED RAIDER


HOURS LATER...
WHAT IN TARNATION'S ALL THAT RACKET OUT THERE, LES?
ATKIN'S COACH DRIVER, LEM BENDER, AND HIS GUARD... YELLING FOR SHERIFF GARRETT! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE HAD TROUBLE!
...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY SHERIFF! MY FEET ARE SO SORE I...
BENDER! SO IT'S TRUE, THEN, YOU LOST THE GOLD SHIPMENT!
I'M SORRY, MR. ATKINS! WE COULDN'T HELP IT! THEY HAD THE DROP ON US! THE ROAD WAS BLOCKED JUST THIS SIDE OF HAIRPIN CURVE AND THEY JUMPED US WHILE WE WERE TRYING TO STOP THE TEAM!
IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, BENDER-- BUT THAT WAS OUR FIRST SHIPMENT FOR THE NEVADA MINES PEOPLE! THIS'LL RUIN ME!
THEY'VE HAD A GOOD START, MR. ATKINS! BUT I'LL ROUND UP THE BOYS AND START AFTER THEM! IT'LL BE EASY TO SPOT THAT GOLD PAINTED COACH OF YOURS!
IF ONLY ONCE YOUR FATHER WOULD DEPUTIZE MY SON, LES, POLLY...
PLEASE TRY NOT TO BE HARD ON LES, MR. WILCOX...
...JUST BECAUSE HE'S NOT AS ROUGH OR HANDY WITH A GUN AS MOST OF THE MEN IN DOUGLAS CITY! HE'S A GOOD LAWYER! MEN LIKE LES WILL BE REMEMBERED LONG AFTER THE GUNSLINGERS ARE GONE FROM THE WEST!

MEANWHILE THE TWO OUTLAWS ARE EXPERIENCING DIFFICULTIES OF THEIR OWN...
THERE'S NO WAY OF CARRYIN' ALL THEM SACKS OF DUST ON TWO HORSES! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE WHAT WE CAN AND LEAVE THE REST!
NOW THAT'S WHY THEY PACKED THE DUST THIS WAY INSTEAD OF ALL IN ONE BIG BOX! THEY FIGURED THAT IN CASE OF A STICK-UP BY ONE OR TWO MEN, IT'D BE IMPOSSIBLE TO MOVE ALL THE SACKS AT ONCE!
BUT IT AIN'T GONNA WORK THAT EASY! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE THIS GOLD TO A SAFE HIDING PLACE AND THEN GET RID OF THIS COACH -- AND I KNOW HOW TO DO BOTH!
ONE OF ATKIN'S GOLD COACHES... SAY, YOU FELLERS ARE A LITTLE OFF YOUR COURSE, AIN'T YOU?
THERE... THAT'LL QUIET YOU DOWN FOR A WHILE, OLD TIMER! GET THAT GOLD HID... QUICK!
NEVER MIND THAT, I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU! I'M GOING TO HIDE IT NOW!!

MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends

5 IN 1 WAND

A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.
No. 240 ..... **1.50**

Boomerang

Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys"
No. 141 ..... **50¢**

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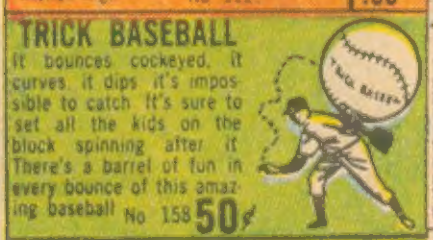
Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high. No 112. **1.98**



TRICK BASEBALL

It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball. No 158 **50¢**

THROW YOUR VOICE

Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist"
No. 137 ..... **25¢**

LOOK-BACK SCOPE

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go.
No 146 ..... **35¢**

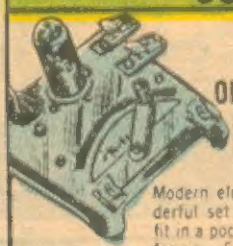
WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.
No. 247 ..... **50¢**

TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights.
No. 513 ..... **1.25**

MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

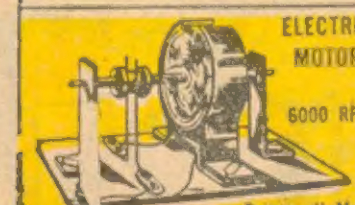
Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio.
No 205 **3.98**

BLACK EYE JOKE!

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes.
No. 216 ..... **25¢**

Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. ..... **6.98**



ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM

—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 rpm's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute.
No 052 Only **50¢**

JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.
No 239 ..... Only **50¢**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. 63

Cannot ship orders totalling less than $1.00. O.

Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM #	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.

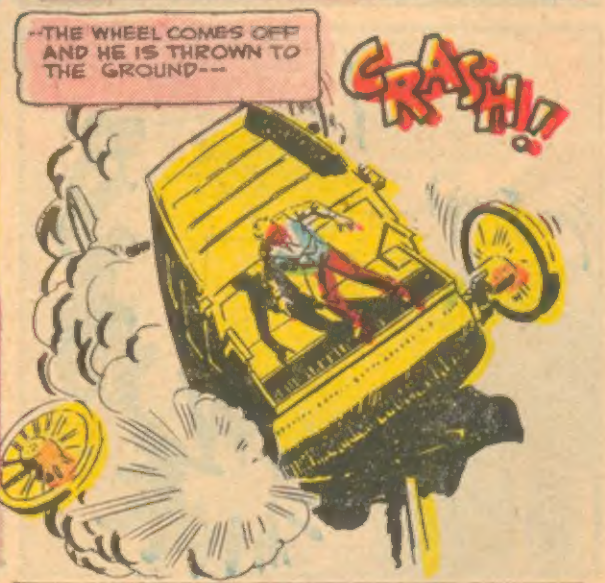
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

MASKED RAIDER

AS THE COACH STARTS DOWN THE HILL, SHERIFF GARRETT AND HIS POSSE ROUND THE CURVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ROAD...
WHOA! THERE'S THE STAGE NOW! LOOK! OLD MAN OAKERSON IS ON IT!
AT A DEAD GALLOP! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! HE'S TRYING TO JUMP!



NO SIGN OF THE GOLD, SHERIFF!
COURSE NOT! HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO HIDE IT! FUNNY... I'D NEVER HAVE TAKEN OLD MAN OAKERSON FOR A HIGHWAYMAN! HE'S OUT COLD!

OLD MAN OAKERSON! THAT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, SHERIFF!
YEP! IT WAS FOR US, TOO! BUT WE CAUGHT HIM DRIVING THE STAGE, AND HE'D HAD TIME TO HIDE THE GOLD! ANYWAY, HE WANTS TO SEE YOU, WILCOX!

AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER TILL I CAME TO HERE IN JAIL, LES.
HMMM... THIS IS BEGINNING TO MAKE SOME SENSE, AT THAT! ATKINS SHIPPED THAT GOLD IN A SPECIAL WAY!

HE SPLIT IT UP IN A LOT OF LITTLE SACKS TO MAKE IT HARD TO TRANSPORT IF ANYONE TOOK IT OFF THE STAGE! NOW, THEY'D NEED THE COACH TO MOVE THE STUFF... TILL THEY FOUND A PLACE TO HIDE IT!

AND AFTER THEY PAID YOU A VISIT AT YOUR CABIN, THEY APPARENTLY HAD NO FURTHER USE FOR THE COACH! PUTTING YOU ON THE COACH AND SETTING UP A FATAL ACCIDENT FOR YOU WAS AN OBVIOUS MOVE TO THROW THE AUTHORITIES OFF THE RIGHT TRACK!

WAIT A MINUTE, LES! THE WAY YOU SAY IT, IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY MIGHT HAVE HIDDEN THE LOOT AT...
...AT YOUR CABIN! EXACTLY!

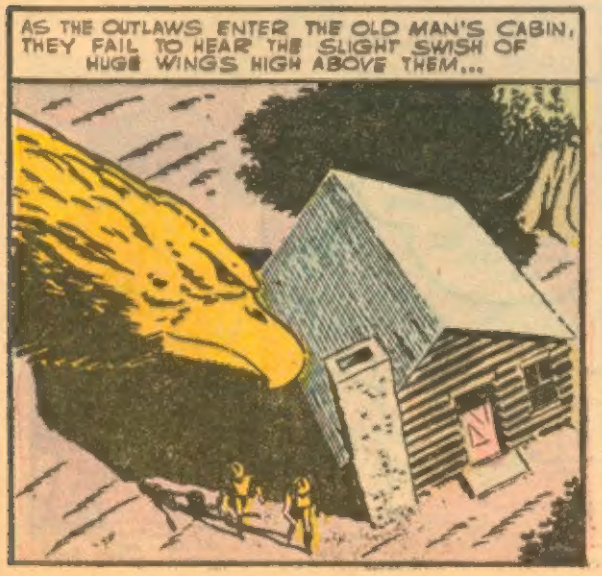
CAN WE CONVINCE GARRETT OF ALL THIS?
UMH... LET ME TALK TO HIM! I THINK THE LESS YOU TALK TO HIM ABOUT IT, THE BETTER! I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS THINGS STRAIGHTENED OUT!

THOSE BOYS WILL BE BACK TO OAKERSON'S CABIN FOR THAT GOLD TONIGHT FOR SURE! SUNDOWN NOW... NO TIME TO LOSE! IT'S TIME FOR THE MASKED RAIDER AND TALON TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS BUSINESS!

MASKED RAIDER

A SHORT TIME LATER, FROM THE SECRET CAVE IN THE HILLS, APPEARS THE FIGURE OF A MAN WHO STRIKES TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF THE WEST'S BOLDEST OUTLAWS... THE MASKED RAIDER...

MIGHTY OBLIGING OF GARRETT TO LOCK UP THE OLD MAN AND GIVE US THE RUN OF THE PLACE TONIGHT!
SURE WAS! BY MORNING WE'LL HAVE THE GOLD STASHED AWAY WHERE THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING!



MASKED RAIDER

I'LL NAIL HIM WHILE HE'S GOT HIS HANDS FULL WITH...
I SEE YOU AND MY PARTNER HAVE ALREADY MET!
WHAT TH...
HELP ME! GET HIM OFF! HELP!!
QUIET DOWN, MISTER! TALON WON'T HURT YOU UNLESS I TELL HIM TO!
SIT STILL, SHERIFF GARRETT, AND DON'T REACH FOR A GUN. THESE ARE THE REAL STAGE ROBBERS... NOT OAKERSON!
THE LOOT IS IN OAKERSON'S CABIN. BUT HE DIDN'T PUT IT THERE! THE STORY HE TOLD YOU IS TRUE! THESE TWO HAVE ALREADY MADE A FULL CONFESSION TO ME! LOCK THEM UP AND DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME!
AND BY THE TIME SHERIFF GARRETT LOCKS UP HIS PRISONERS AND REACHES THE DOOR AGAIN...
HEARD A LOT ABOUT HIM AND HIS PET EAGLE, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER SEEN THE MASKED RAIDER! TOO LATE TO CATCH UP TO HIM NOW... BUT THERE'LL BE ANOTHER TIME!
The END

gopher-face
THE MAD HATTER!
THAT'S GOPHERFACE'S SHACK OVER YONDER!
HUH? (GASP) LOOK AT GOPHERFACE!
HEY, GOPHERFACE THAT'S NO WAY TUH
SEE ME
SO THAT'S IT.
WAL, IF THET'S THE CASE, WHY ARE YUH WEARING YORE HAT?
OH...
... SOMEBODY MIGHT COME!
!!!

Rocky Lane and "THE HOAX!"

DID THE OLD HOUSE, NAILED SHUT AND TIGHTLY BOARDED UP CONTAIN JUST AN ECCENTRIC SOURDOUGH PLAYING A MACABRE JOKE ON THE WORLD? OR WAS THERE REALLY A CRIMINAL POISED TO STRIKE? ROCKY FINDS THE ANSWER AS HE EXPOSES... "THE HOAX!"

AT THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS---

WAKE UP, ROCKY! RISE AND SHINE! THERE'S WORK TO DO!

EH...? OH, WHAT'S UP, CHIEF!

SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR SLEEP, ROCKY BUT THIS LETTER JUST CAME FROM A RANCHER NAMED BENTON UP IN REDWOOD COUNTY. HE ASKS FOR IMMEDIATE AID, SAYS HE'S GOING TO BE HARMED UNLESS HE GETS PROTECTION!

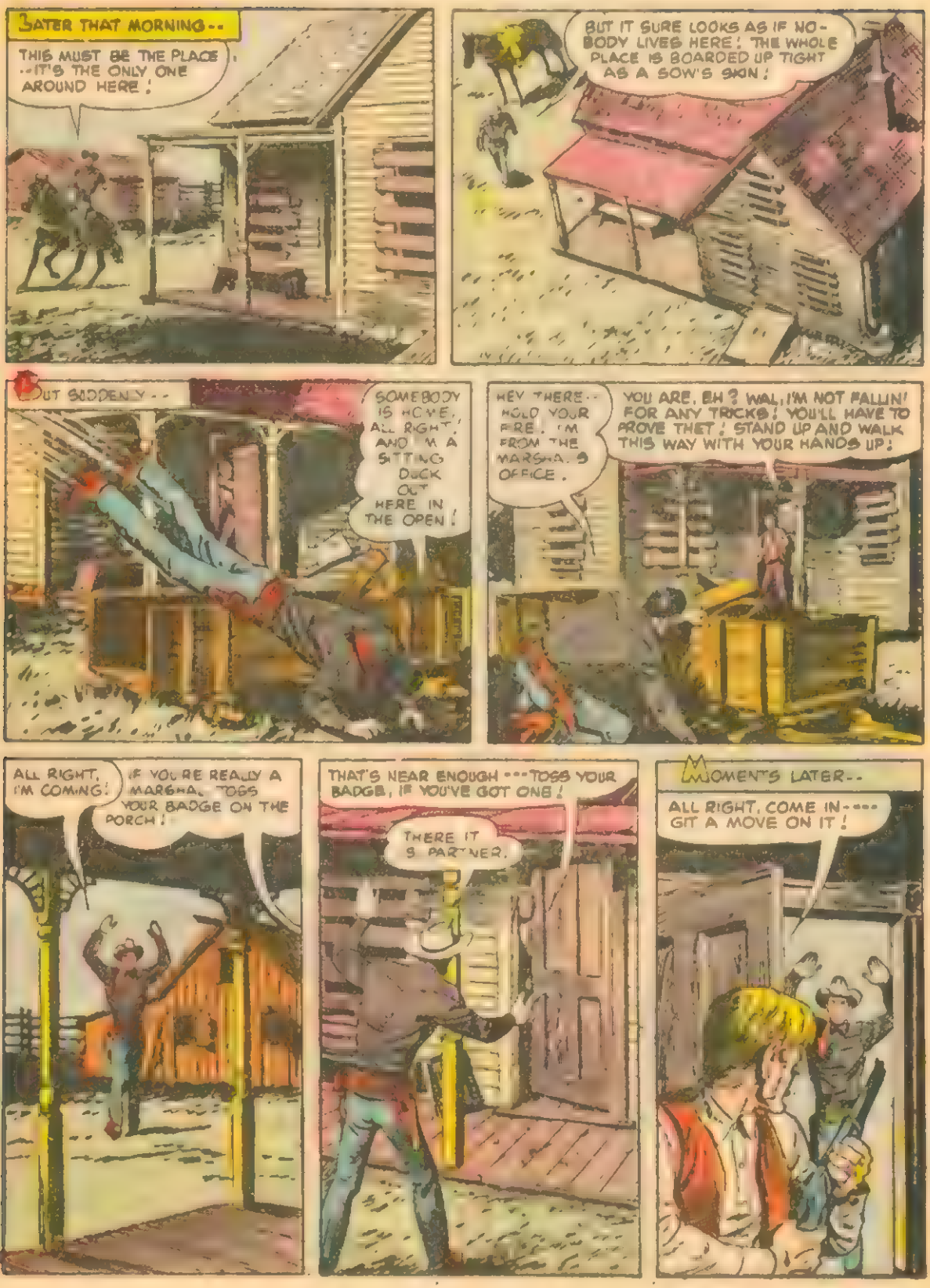
I'LL HAVE BLACK JACK SADDLED AND READY IN A FEW MINUTES, CHIEF!

SOON AFTER--

BENTON WROTE THAT HIS PLACE IS FIVE MILES PAST MEGA RIVER! TAKE THE FIRST RIGHT TURN! GOOD LUCK, ROCKY!

RIGHT, CHIEF! BLACK JACK AND I'LL DO OUR BEST TO GET THERE IN A HURRY AND GIVE BENTON THE PROTECTION HE ASKS FOR!

MASKED RAIDER


LATER THAT MORNING--
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE ..IT'S THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE!
BUT IT SURE LOOKS AS IF NOBODY LIVES HERE! THE WHOLE PLACE IS BOARDED UP TIGHT AS A SOW'S SKIN!
BUT SUDDENLY--
SOMEBODY IS MOVE., ALL RIGHT, AND I'M A SITTING DUCK OUT HERE IN THE OPEN!
HEY THERE-- HOLD YOUR FIRE. I'M FROM THE MARSHA.'S OFFICE.
YOU ARE, EH? WAL, I'M NOT FALLIN' FOR ANY TRICKS! YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE THET! STAND UP AND WALK THIS WAY WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
ALL RIGHT, I'M COMING!
IF YOU'RE REALLY A MARSHAL, TOSS YOUR BADGE ON THE PORCH!
THAT'S NEAR ENOUGH ---TOSS YOUR BADGE, IF YOU'VE GOT ONE!
THERE IT S PARTNER.
MOMENTS LATER--
ALL RIGHT, COME IN---- GIT A MOVE ON IT!

MASKED RAIDER

YOU'RE BENTON, I TAKE IT. THE MAN WHO SENT THAT LETTER FOR HELP TO HEAD-QUARTERS! ROCKY LANE'S MY NAME!
YEP! I'M BENTON. BUT DON'T STAND IN THE DOORWAY GABBIN'! GIT INSIDE AFORE THEY GIT ME!
ALL RIGHT, FRIEND --JUST TAKE IT EASY! WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?
FER MONTHS AND MONTHS I'VE BEEN GITTING LETTERS NEAR EVERY DAY, SAYING I'M A-GOING TO BE ARMED! SOMEONE WANTS TO GET ME SO'S THEY CAN BUY THE VALUABLE LAND I OWN!
I--I DON'T DARE GO OUT! I STOCKED ALL THET CANNED FOOD BUT I'M RUNNING LOW NOW. THAT'S WHY I SENT FER A MARSHAL! I NEED PROTECTION!
HERE MARSHAL---HERE'S ONE O' THE LETTERS I GOT YESTERDAY! I--I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE! I'M TOO NERVOUS NOW!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!
Benton.- You will be hurt! You can't escape your fate!
I RECKON YOU NEED PROTECTION, ALL RIGHT! I'LL STAY HERE TILL THE HOMBRE SENDING YOU THESE LETTERS IS CAUGHT! MEANWHILE, TRY TO GET HOLD OF YOURSELF!
THANKS, MARSHAL! I'LL TRY. I'VE AN EXTRA COT! YOU CAN SLEEP ON THAT!
LATER, THAT NIGHT---
POOR BENTON, HE'S SUCH A BUNDLE OF NERVES, HE EVEN SLEEPS WITH HIS RIFLE! BUT IT'S BEEN MIGHTY QUIET ALL NIGHT!

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all* 3 types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our GUARANTEE. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only $2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending $2 with order. ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. *SEND COUPON TODAY!*

WARD LABORATORIES, Dept 6607-B
19 West 44th St. New York 36, N. Y.

☐ I enclose $2.00, send prepaid
☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay $2.00 plus postage

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone ___ State ___

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

MASKED RAIDER

THE NIGHT'S NEAR OVER AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A SIGN OF ANYONE GUNNING FOR BENTON--- -- (YAWN)!
AND WHEN MORNING COMES ---
I'VE BEEN THINKING, BENTON, THAT SINCE THE VARMINT DIDN'T SHOW UP LAST NIGHT I'LL GO INTO TOWN TO TRY TO GET A LEAD ON HIM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
YOU--- YOU MEAN YOU'RE A-GOING TO LEAVE ME ALONE, MARSHAL?
BUT YOU'LL COME BACK, MARSHAL ..... PROMISE ME!
I'LL COME BACK, BENTON! YOU'LL BE SAFE SO LONG AS YOU STAY IN HERE! NOBODY COULD GET IN THE WAY YOU HAVE THE PLACE BOARDED UP!
BUT LATER, WHEN ROCKY MENTIONS BENTON IN THE NEARBY TOWN---
WHAT'S THET, MARSHAL ...? YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE OLD BENTON SENT FOR YOU?
HEY, BOYS---DID YOU--- HO-HO--HEAR THET...? BENTON'S ASKED THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE FER PROTECTION---HO-HO-HO!
?
HA-HA-HA!
HAW-HAW!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT A CRIMINAL SENDING A MAN WARNING LETTERS?
HAW-HAW--YOU TELL HIM, JED! HAW-HAW! HE FOOLED THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE!
MARSHAL, BENTON'S BEEN SAYING THE SAME THING 'BOUT THOSE LETTERS FOR MONTHS NOW! HE'S HAD EVERYBODY IN TOWN UP THERE PROTECTING HIM AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER!

MASKED RAIDER

ARE YOU SAYING THAT...
THAT BENTON'S A CRANK ? THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M SAYING! HANK, HERE WILL TELL YUH THE SAME THING— EVERYBODY IN TOWN WILL! BENTON WRITES THOSE LETTERS HIMSELF WE THINK
THAT'S IT, MARSHAL! HE FINALLY WROTE TO YOU AFTER FOLKS HERE GOT TIRED RUNNING TO HIS RANCH BECAUSE O' HIS FALSE ALARMS! NO ONE EVER APPEARED!
HMMM!
THANKS... MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE INFORMATION! I'M GOING TO HAVE A TALK WITH BENTON NOW!
JEST ASK HIM IF THE WRITER EVER TRIED TO GIT HIM IN ALL THE MONTHS HE'S BEEN TALKING 'BOUT THOSE LETTERS!
IT'S CLEAR THE WHOLE TOWN'S CONVINCED BENTON'S ONLY AN OLD CRACKPOT TRYING TO BRING ATTENTION TO HIMSELF! I'LL FIND OUT IF THEY'RE RIGHT.
SOON. BACK AT BENTON'S RANCH-
SO THIS MYSTERIOUS VARMINT, OUT TO GET YOU, HAS NEVER ONCE TRIED, EH, BENTON?
N-NO, HE HASN'T, BUT I'M SURE HE WILL! HE KEEPS SENDING ME THESE LETTERS! I GOT THIS ONE AFTER YOU'D LEFT FOR TOWN!
Your time is up, Benton!
ALL RIGHT, BENTON! I'LL STAY AGAIN TONIGHT!
TH-THANKS, MARSHAL--! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T WALK OUT ON ME! I'LL GO FIX US SOME VITTLES NOW!

MASKED RAIDER

THE TOWN'S CONVINCED HE'S A CRANK, BUT I CAN'T GO WITHOUT GIVING HIM ANOTHER CHANCE!
THAT NIGHT---
LOOKS LIKE A TERRIFIC THUNDERSTORM OUTSIDE! BETTER GET SOME SLEEP, BENTON! I'LL STAND WATCH!
I--I CAN'T EVER SLEEP THROUGH A THUNDER-STORM!
SUDDENLY--
KRASH!
WHAT WAS THAT?
I--I DON'T KNOW! IT CAME FROM UPSTAIRS!
I'LL FIND OUT, PRONTO! YOU'D BETTER STAY DOWN HERE, BENTON!
Y-YES, ALL RIGHT.
BUT WHEN ROCKY DASHES INTO THE ROOM---
OH, IT WAS ONLY THESE CRATES BENTON HAD STACKED AGAINST THE WINDOW! THE VIBRATION OF THE THUNDER MUST'VE TOPPLED THEM!
THE WINDOW'S STILL TIGHTLY LOCKED AND BOARDED! NOBODY CAME IN. THAT'S FOR SURE! I'D BETTER GET DOWN AND REASSURE BENTON BEFORE HE COLLAPSES!
AND WHEN MORNING COMES---
YOUR MAN DIDN'T SHOW UP AGAIN LAST NIGHT, BENTON! THAT'S THE WAY IT ALWAYS HAPPENS, ISN'T IT?
YEP, MARSHAL---HE-HE JUST NEVER SHOWS UP SOMEHOW. BUT HE KEEPS SENDING ME THOSE LETTERS.

MASKED RAIDER

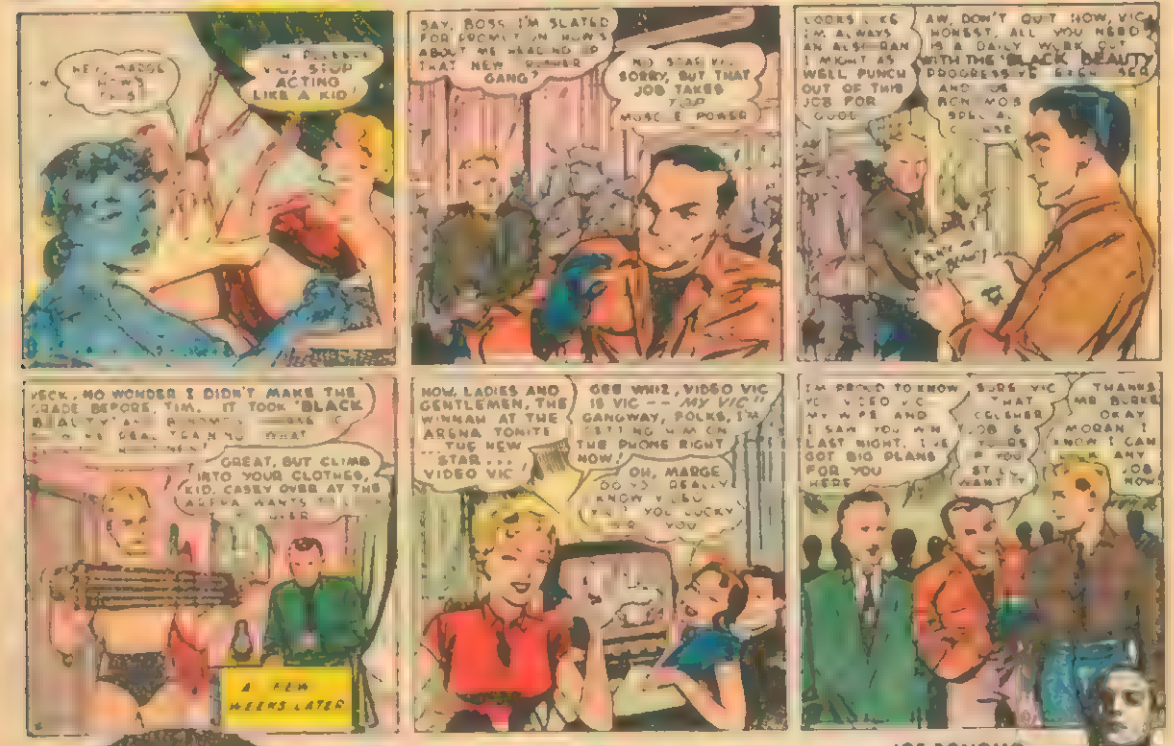
BUT HE-- HE'LL COME, MARSHAL! YOU'VE GOT TO STAY WITH ME! I NEED PROTECTION!
SORRY, BENTON! I'LL HAVE TO BE LEAVING! I THINK YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT HERE.
I RECKON THE FOLKS IN TOWN WERE RIGHT! BENTON'S JUST OUT TO DRAW ATTENTION TO HIMSELF! WELL, A MARSHAL'S GOT PLENTY MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO THAN HUMORING A BROOMTAIL LIKE THAT.
BUT AS ROCKY SADDLES UP ALONGSIDE THE HOUSE--
FOOTPRINTS!
SOMEONE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT SNEAKING AROUND THE HOUSE! HE FORGOT THE RAIN-SOAKED GROUND WOULD SAVE HIS PRINTS.
I RECKON WHOEVER IT WAS LEFT AFTER SEEING I WAS STILL HERE! NOW I'M REALLY PUZZLED! IS BENTON JUST A CRANK---OR ARE THOSE LETTERS THE REAL THING?!
I SURE DON'T KNOW, BUT I'VE AN IDEA HOW I MIGHT FIND OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT THIS THING! C'MON, BLACK JACK, WE'VE WORK TO DO.
SOON AFTER, IN TOWN---
SO LONG, FRIENDS! I FOUND OUT YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT BENTON! THE JOKE WAS ON ME! BE SEEING YOU, SOMETIME.
WE KNEW YOU'D PREDICT IT, MARSHAL! SO LONG..!
BUT THAT NIGHT---
NOW I'LL JUST WAIT AND SEE! BENTON'S HOLED UP INSIDE! IF THERE IS A CRIMINAL, HE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO GET IN!
SUDDENLY---
GOT TO GET IN THERE, PRONTO!

MASKED RAIDER

COME OUT O' THET ROOM, BENTON! YUH CAN'T GIT AWAY ANYMORE!
I NOTICED THE BOARDS OVER THIS WINDOW ARE LIGHTER THAN THE OTHERS; HERE GOES!
WHA..??
CRASH
IT'S THE MARSHAL --!---
AND NOT ANY TOO SOON, I'D SAY!
THE JIG'S UP; I'M GITTING!
A SECRET DOOR BUILT IN THE WALL AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE; SO THAT'S HOW THE VARMINTS GOT IN WITHOUT MY SEEING THEM!
NOT SO FAST! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!
THIS'LL HOLD YOU TILL I GET YOU AND YOUR PARTNER TO THE SHERIFF! YOUR SCHEME WAS MIGHTY SLICK--- BUT YOUR PLAY IS OVER!
AND LATER, AFTER THE VARMINTS ARE SAFE IN JAIL---
SO FREEMAN DISCOVERED THE SECRET DOOR IN MY HOUSE I NEVER KNEW ABOUT FROM A SET OF OLD PLANS HE FOUND BEFORE I BOUGHT THE PLACE! THEN HE AND HIS PARTNER STARTED THEIR PLAN TO DO ME IN AND TAKE OVER MY LAND!
EXACTLY! THEY WANTED YOU TO APPEAR JUST A CRANK WHO WANTED PEOPLE'S ATTENTION!
WHEN THEY RECKONED THIS WAS SET IN PEOPLE'S MINDS, THEY ENTERED BY THE SECRET DOOR TO GET YOU WITH YOUR OWN GUN SO FOLKS'D NATURALLY FIGURE YOU'D DONE YOURSELF IN!
SURE, CAUSE THEY'D GOTTEN FOLKS TO THINK ME LOCO ALREADY! BUT, THANKS TO YOU, ROCKY LANE, I CAN LIVE A HAPPY LIFE AGAIN!

"A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE!"
19
DUSTY
LIBRARY
PUT UP YORE HANDS, TED! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YUH AND SPUD!
WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T KNOW ANY SPUD! WHO'S SPUD?
SPUD'S MY HORSE! YUH KNOW THAT VERY WELL, TED!
BUT I NEVER SAW YORE HORSE--BESIDES, MY NAME'S NOT TED!
OH, CHANGED YORE NAME, EH, TED?
I TELL YUH MY NAME'S NOT TED AND I DIDN'T CHANGE IT! IT'S DUSTY!
WHO EVER HEARD OF A NAME GETTING DUSTY!
MY NAME DIDN'T GET DUSTY! IT IS DUSTY! AND I NEVER CHANGED IT!
LIBRARY
DON'T YUH WORK UP AT THE LAZY Y RANCH?
I DO NOT!

'BLACK BEAUTY' ALSO MAKES VIDEO VIC!


HEY, MARGE! HOW'S THAT?
PLEASE! STOP ACTING LIKE A KID!
SAY, BOSS, I'M SLATED FOR FOOTBALL AND ALL ABOUT ME MAKING THAT NEW GANG?
NO SIREE... SORRY, BUT THAT JOB TAKES MUSCLE POWER
LOOKS LIKE I'M ALWAYS AN ALSO-RAN I MIGHT AS WELL PUNCH OUT OF THIS JOB FOR GOOD
AW, DON'T QUIT NOW, VIC! HONEST, ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY WORK OUT WITH THE 'BLACK BEAUTY' PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER AND YOU'LL SOON SEE PROGRESS
HECK, NO WONDER I DIDN'T MAKE THE GRADE BEFORE, TIM. IT TOOK 'BLACK BEAUTY' TO MAKE A REAL MAN OF ME!
GREAT, BUT CLIMB INTO YOUR CLOTHES, KID. CASEY OVER AT THE ARENA WANTS TO SEE YOU
A FEW WEEKS LATER
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WINNAH AT THE ARENA TONITE ... THE NEW STAR ... VIDEO VIC
GEE WHIZ, VIDEO VIC IS VIC -- MY VIC! GANGWAY, FOLKS, I'M GETTING HIM ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW!
OH, MARGE, DO YOU REALLY KNOW HIM? YOU LUCKY YOU
I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU, VIDEO VIC! I SAW YOU WIN LAST NIGHT. I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU HERE
SURE VIC THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR. I'LL BE GLAD TO SIGN IF YOU WANT ME TO
THANKS MR. BURKE. OKAY MORGAN, I KNOW I CAN GET ANY JOB NOW

FREE

NEW 5-CABLE 'BLACK BEAUTY' PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER

DEVELOP REAL POWER

INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH ● BUILD YOUR BODY

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SCIENTIFIC AND HOW!

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MASKED RAIDER

SO YUH CHANGED YORE JOB, TOO!
I DID NOT! I NEVER WORKED AT THE LAZY Y!
DON'T LIE TO ME, TED! I KNOW YUH RUSTLED MY HORSE, SPUD!
ME RUSTLE YORE HORSE? HOW I KNOW YO'RE PLUMB LOCO! YUH CAN EXAMINE MY HORSE! YUH'LL SEE IT'S NOT SPUD!
OF COURSE IT'S NOT SPUD! SPUD CAME RUNNING BACK TO ME, BUT I WARN YUH IF YUH EVER TRY TO RUSTLE HIM AGAIN, I'LL FILL YORE RED FLANNELS FULL OF LEAD!
I DON'T WEAR RED FLANNELS!
OH, CHANGED YORE UNDERWEAR, TOO!
THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
LIBRAR
TAKE A LOOK AT THESE PAPERS! THEY'LL PROVE I'M NOT THE GUY YO'RE LOOKING FER!
I RECKON I OWE YUH AN APOLOGY!
YUH SURE DO! YOU WASTED A LOT OF MY VALUABLE TIME!
WHAT MAKES YORE TIME SO VALUABLE?
MY NEPHEW IS TAKING A HISTORY TEST TOMORROW AND I WAS TRYING TO FIND OUT FER HIM THE COLOR OF PAUL REVERE'S HORSE!
I THINK IT WAS WHITE!
LIBRARY

THAT'S FUNNY! I WAS SURE IT WAS A BLACK HORSE!
ANYONE CAN SEE BY LOOKING AT US THAT I'M SMARTER THAN YUH, SO IF I SAY IT WAS WHITE, IT WAS WHITE!
LOOK, STUPID, IF YUH SAY IT WAS WHITE, THEN I'M SURE IT WAS BLACK!
CALL ME STUPID AGAIN AND I'LL BLACKEN YORE EYES!
YUH AND WHO ELSE?
JUST ME! SAY ONE WORD AND I'LL PROVE IT!
IS THIS WORD GOOD ENOUGH?
NO--AND YUH CAN TAKE MY WORD FER IT!
BAM!
SOK
HEY, YUH TWO! STOP THAT FIGHTING!
I SAY STOP THAT FIGHTING!

MASKED RAIDER

LET ME AT HIM! I'LL KILL HIM!
I'LL PULL HIM APART!
WHAT ARE YUH TWO HOMBRES BATTLING ABOUT ANYWAY?
HE'S TRYING TO TELL ME PAUL REVERE'S HORSE WAS BLACK!
AND HE SAYS IT WAS WHITE!
IT WAS WHITE! LET ME AT HIM!
IT WAS BLACK! LET ME AT HIM!
HOLD IT, MEN! IF THAT'S ALL YO'RE FIGHTING ABOUT, I CAN SETTLE THE PROBLEM!
YUH MEAN YUH KNOW WHAT COLOR PAUL REVERE'S HORSE WAS?
I THINK SO!
WELL, WHAT WAS IT--- BLACK OR WHITE?
BROWN!
BROWN!
THIS WILL TEACH YUH TO TRY TO START AN ARGUMENT!
SMACK!
LET'S GO, PAL!
I'M WITH YUH, PAL!
PAL? I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO BUTT IN WHERE DUSTY WAS INVOLVED! NOTHING EVER MAKES SENSE WHEN HE'S AROUND!

MASKED RAIDER

THE GOLD BANDITS

BIG Jim Randal stood spraddle-legged before the warm crackling flames of the campfire and thrust his tight-clenched fists deeper into his mackinaw pockets. Flinty-eyed, he studied the grim faces of the six men in a rough semi-circle before him.

"We stayed in these hills too long," he said, his weather-lined face serious. "El Lobo and his gang of gold thieves have the only pass out of here bottled up."

A cold night wind swept down out of the hills, and banks of leaden snow clouds hid the moon. The breath of winter had come with icy suddeness to warn the handful of prospectors who still roamed these hills, searching, blasting into bedrock for the valuable yellow metal. The diehards.

"We'll freeze to death when the blizzards hit," shivered grizzled Nugget Jones.

"We're the last men up here," Randal said. "And El Lobo's waiting below like a vulture for us to come out—so he can steal our gold!"

A heavy-set prospector shook his head. "After all that slavin' and diggin' and blastin' this past summer?"

"We got no choice," Nugget Jones chirped. "Either we stay here with our gold and freeze to death, or we ride down and make that coyote, El Lobo, a present of it . . ."

"Unless we could trick him," interrupted Randal.

"Trick El Lobo? You're batty, Randal," cut in hatchet-faced Slim Dawson. "Old Pick Manton tried and lost. Only last week he left for below. Told me he had a plan to outfox El Lobo." He scowled up at Randal. "Mebbe Pick told you about the special strongboxes he had built in town before he came up here?"

Randal nodded. "Had them fitted with padlocks. Matter of fact, he gave me one of the boxes."

Dawson spat. "El Lobo caught him below and blew off those fancy padlocks neatly as you please with a six-gun!" He turned toward the men. "Don't fool yourselves—let's give the gold to El Lobo and git out of here alive!"

"Not me, for one," said Randal quietly.

The men chorused agreement.

"Ever since Pick Manton left, I've had an idea—and if it works, we could get our gold out safely through El Lobo before winter sets in," Randal continued.

"We're listening," grunted Nugget.

Randal leaned forward. "We leave together in a band. One man's wagon carries all the gold. El Lobo wouldn't have time to nab more than three of us and, while he's doing that, the guy with the gold gets away."

"Sounds good," said the heavy-set prospector. "But supposing El Lobo nabs the man carrying the gold?"

"He'll have to get away while El Lobo's chasing the others. Besides," Randal drawled, "we'll have the advantage because El Lobo will never suspect that only one of us has the paydirt. Loaded, our wagons all look the same."

Nugget's head shook. "Big risk for the guy carrying the yellow stuff."

"I'll make the run, if you men trust me," Randal said.

There was a brief buzz of excitement and, finally, the men agreed.

"It's our only chance," Randal told them finally. "Bring all your gold to me. Pack your equipment on your wagons and be ready to leave an hour before dawn."

An hour before dawn, Big Jim had just finished lashing his last remaining box of blasting powder onto his wagon when the other prospectors arrived.

Nugget Jones gave him a lift with the heavy strongbox that Pick Manton had given him a few days earlier.

"Heavy!" grunted Jones. "But what's in that box represents a life's work for most of us, Jim."

Randal nodded, then, loud enough for everyone to hear, "Remember, El Lobo will be waiting for us where Commanche Pass opens out into the plains. It's the only way out of here, so when we reach it, spread out and keep going. Let's go!"

And when dawn broke finally, the little caravan had passed almost through the complete length of Commanche Pass. Big Jim knew the men were jittery. He was himself.

The plains lay just ahead through the narrow slit of the pass exit and, upon reaching that opening, Nugget Jones' long bullwhip cracked and his horses bolted through the narrow pass.

Almost instantly, a pistol shot ripped the leaden air!

"El Lobo!" Nugget screamed.

"Keep going! Spread out!" Randal yelled and, by this time, he had reached the opening himself. Then, he was out, heading pell mell

for the plains ahead. Pistol and rifle shots whanged around him, over his head, thudded sharply into the wagon sides. But he kept on.

Up ahead, Jones' bouncing wagon veered sharply to the right. The heavy-set prospector veered left.

Then, from either side, horsemen sprang from behind big boulders and, with drawn guns, came thundering full tilt at Randal. Almost at once, the riders ignored the other prospectors.

Something had gone wrong! The plan *wasn't* going to work!

Brief seconds later, one of El Lobo's outlaws rode abreast of Randal's horses, seized the reins and pulled him to a halt. "Hola!" the outlaw shouted. "We have him, El Lobo!"

A huge Mexican dressed in buffalo robe and sombrero came riding up leisurely. Other outlaws, guns drawn, rode at his back. El Lobo looked closely at Big Jim, then at the strongbox lashed to the wagon. "Si, this is the one we want," he grumbled. His dark, beady eyes came back to Randal, lip curling. "So, your attempt to trick El Lobo is not so good, eh?"

Randal bristled with anger. "How'd you know I was the one carrying the gold?"

El Lobo chuckled. "The eyes and ears of El Lobo travel far." He turned abruptly and addressed his men. "Get that strongbox off and open it at once!"

"It's another one of those trick boxes with a padlock on it, like the one Manton had," spat one of the outlaws, grunting as he helped lift the box from Randal's wagon.

"Bah!" snarled the bandit chief, leaving a man to guard Randal. "When will these fools learn it does not pay to try tricks on El Lobo!" Deftly, he drew out his six-shooter and laid the muzzle flush against the padlock on the strongbox. "Watch!" he bellowed.

The outlaws gathered around their chief. El Lobo squeezed the trigger. The report was deafening. Bright orange flame spat against padlock and hasp. Lead smashed the metal with a loud snap.

But at that split second, the strongbox lid flew back violently on its hinges. A bright blinding flash of brilliant flame spewed up at the outlaws around it. There was a low, throaty rumble like thunder. Thick palls of black smoke burst out.

El Lobo and his men fell back screaming, clawing frantically at their eyes.

"Help!" gasped the bandit chief. "I-I cannot see! I-I am blind! Help me!"

But the others were equally as helpless, fingers tearing at their flash-shocked eyes.

Instantly, Big Jim leaped off the wagon, knocked the startled outlaw who had been guarding him to the ground, scooped up his six-gun and, pointing it skyward, triggered it three times.

When Nugget Jones, Slim Dawson, and the other prospectors returned to the scene, Randal had lined the blinded outlaws up against his wagon and had disarmed them.

Nugget Jones came over, wide-eyed. "Good thing you told me back at your camp to keep my ears open for three shots. B-but what in Sam Hill happened?" he sputtered.

El Lobo opened the wrong box, that's all," Randal commented quietly.

"We heard the explosion," Jones said, looking at the half-shattered strongbox. "Hey! What'd you have in there?"

"Flat shale rocks, with a good layer of blasting powder on top," Randal announced.

"I'll be danged!" exclaimed Dawson. "The gun flash set off the powder! Who gave you that idea?"

"You!" Randal said. "When you told me how they blasted Pick Manton's padlocks off with gunfire. I just figured they'd do the same thing again."

"A mite crafty," Slim added. "Say, give me a gun, Randal—it'll be a pleasure toting these birds to jail personally."

Randal smiled sourly. "You won't need the gun, Slim, 'cause you'll be right in there with 'em!"

"You're loco, Randal! You just said I helped you, that it was my story about Pick Manton that . . ."

"Right," cut in Randal. "A story you knew too well. How else could you know El Lobo blasted those padlocks with bullets . . . if you weren't right there with him when it was done!"

HE shoved Dawson over with El Lobo and the gang, then turned back to Nugget Jones. "This coyote double-crossed all of us, planned to split with El Lobo. So I told him of my plan deliberately. El Lobo would think Dawson was very clever, believing that he knew our plan, and would completely overlook the real trick!"

"What was that?" asked Nugget.

Randal smiled. "Making El Lobo bite twice on the same trick!"

"Only this time loaded for the payoff, eh?" Jones guffawed. "And our gold—that's safe?"

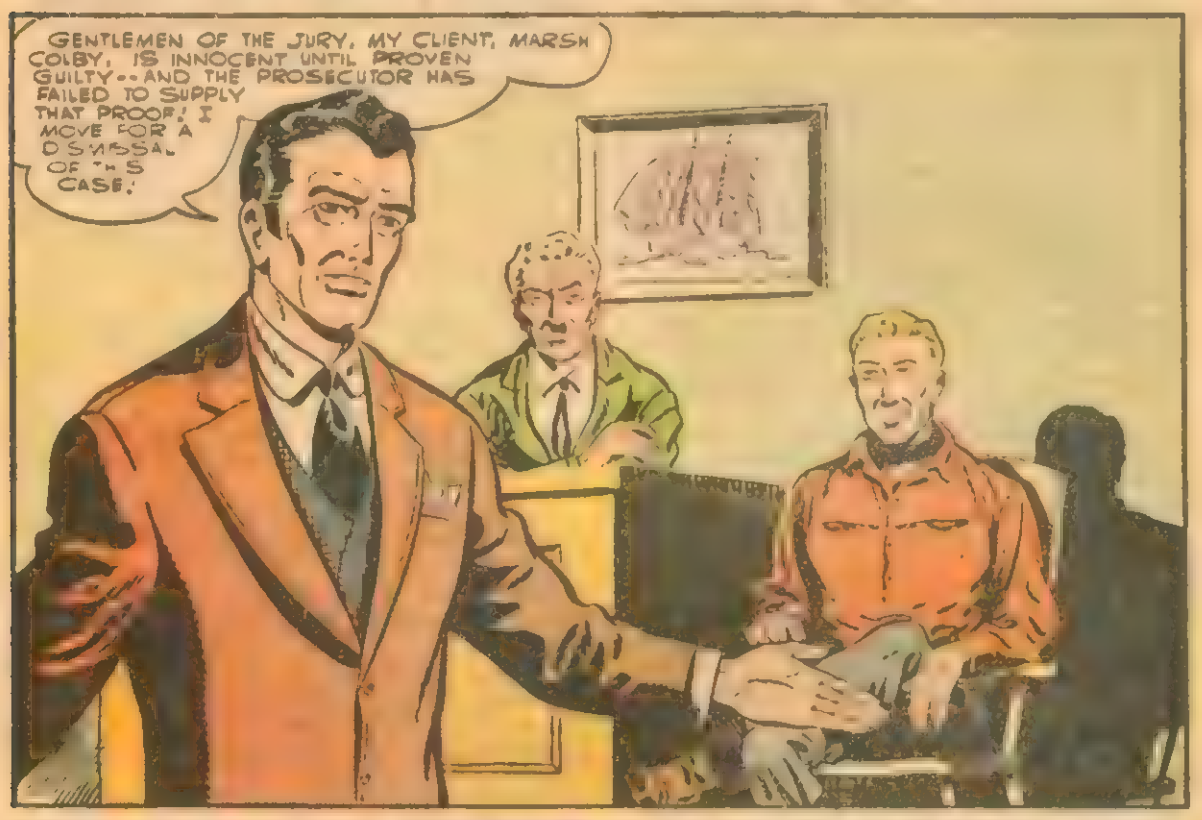
"Safe as a baby, stashed away right there in my case of blasting powder," smiled Randal. "I just kinda reversed things a bit."

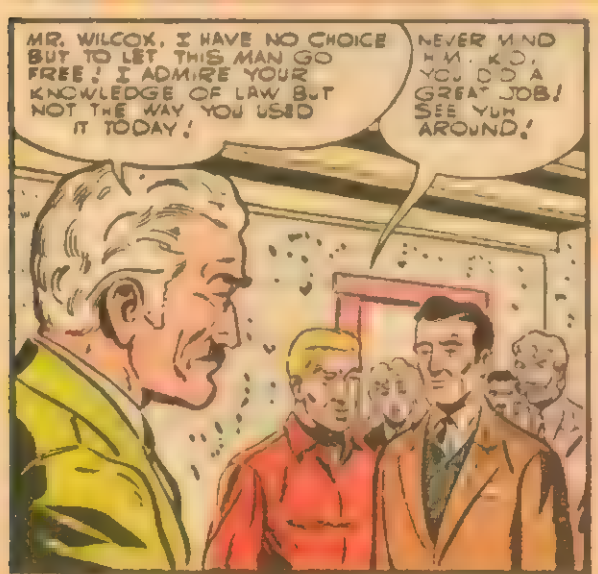
THE END

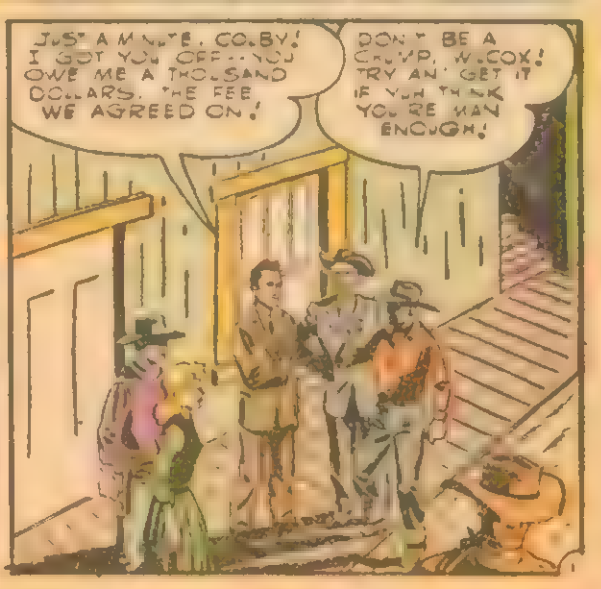
MASKED RAIDER

And 'TALON' the Golden Eagle AND THE INNOCENT OUTLAW

AS THE MASKED RAIDER, LES WILCOX FOUGHT CRIME WITH BLAZING GUNS AND TALON, THE GOLDEN EAGLE -- BUT AS LES WILCOX, THE LAWYER, HE FOUND HIMSELF DEFENDING A MAN EVERYONE SAID WAS GUILTY...


GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, MY CLIENT, MARSH COLBY, IS INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY -- AND THE PROSECUTOR HAS FAILED TO SUPPLY THAT PROOF! I MOVE FOR A DISMISSAL OF THIS CASE!

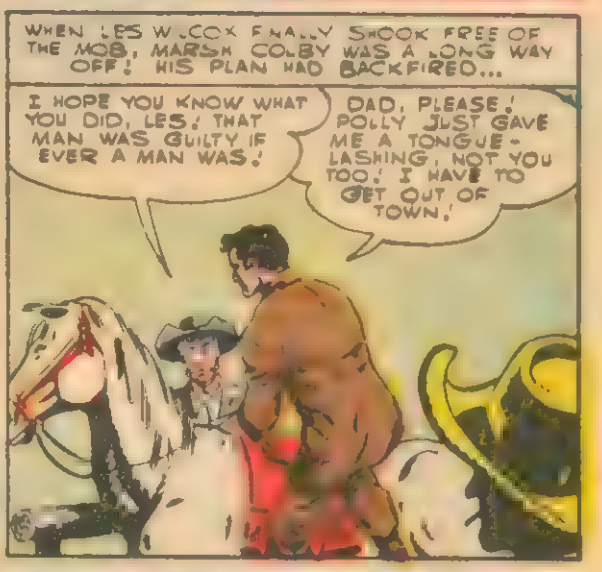

MR. WILCOX, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LET THIS MAN GO FREE! I ADMIRE YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF LAW BUT NOT THE WAY YOU USED IT TODAY!
NEVER MIND HMM. K.O., YOU DID A GREAT JOB! SEE YUH AROUND!


JUST A MINUTE, COLBY! I GOT YOU OFF -- YOU OWE ME A THOUSAND DOLLARS, THE FEE WE AGREED ON!
DON'T BE A CHUMP, WILCOX! TRY AN' GET IT IF YUH THINK YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH!

MASKED RAIDER

SO THAT'S WHY YOU DID IT! JUST FOR THE MONEY!
I DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS BEST, LES. LET ME PASS, POLLY. I'VE GOT SOMEWHERE TO GO RIGHT AWAY!

HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S GUILTY? NONE OF THE MONEY WAS RECOVERED--AND THE REST OF THE GANG IS STILL FREE. IF YOU FOOLS FOLLOWED COLBY INSTEAD OF PESTERING ME, YOU'D DO MORE GOOD!


WHEN LES WILCOX FINALLY SHOOK FREE OF THE MOB, MARSH COLBY WAS A LONG WAY OFF! HIS PLAN HAD BACKFIRED...
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID, LES! THAT MAN WAS GUILTY IF EVER A MAN WAS!
DAD, PLEASE! POLLY JUST GAVE ME A TONGUE-LASHING, NOT YOU TOO! I HAVE TO GET OUT OF TOWN!

WILCOX MADE THE CHANGE FROM LAWYER TO CRIME-FIGHTER QUICKER THAN HE EVER HAD BEFORE! THEN THE SIGNAL FOR TALON...
I NEED YOUR EYES, TALON; I'LL SHOW YOU THE TRAIL--YOU FIND THE MAN WHO MADE IT.

MASKED RAIDER

FOLLOWING TALON'S SOARING TURNS THE MASKED RAIDER LEFT HIS HORSE AND CREPT SLOWLY AHEAD...
THAT EAGLE'S GIVING ME THE SHIVERS. IT WASN'T A WASTE OF LEAD TO TAKE A SHOT AT HIM.

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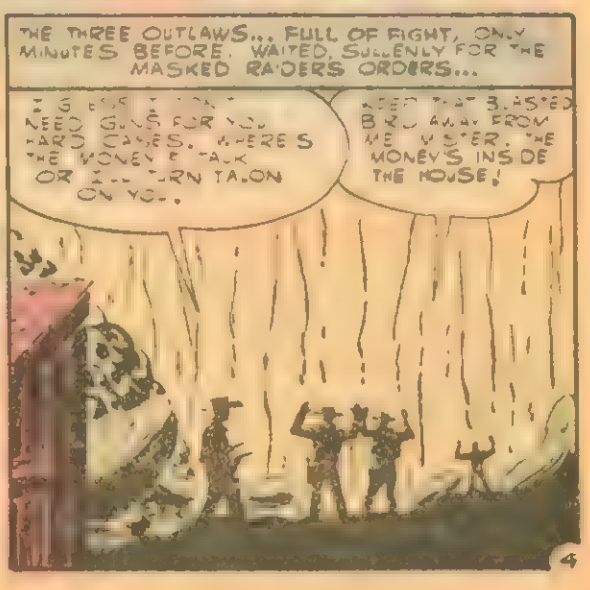
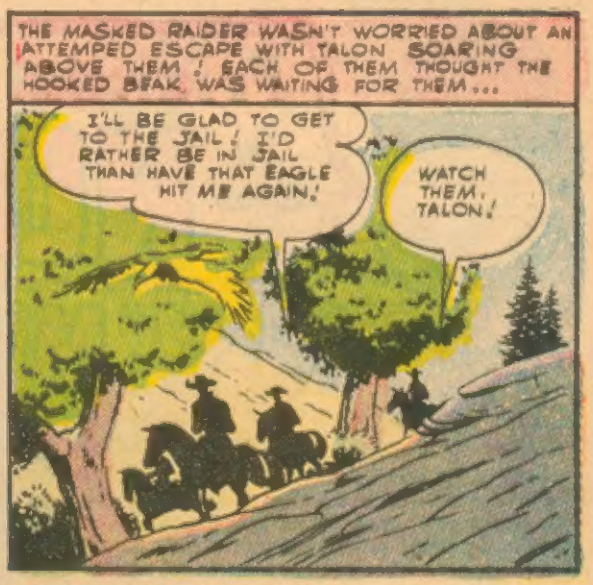
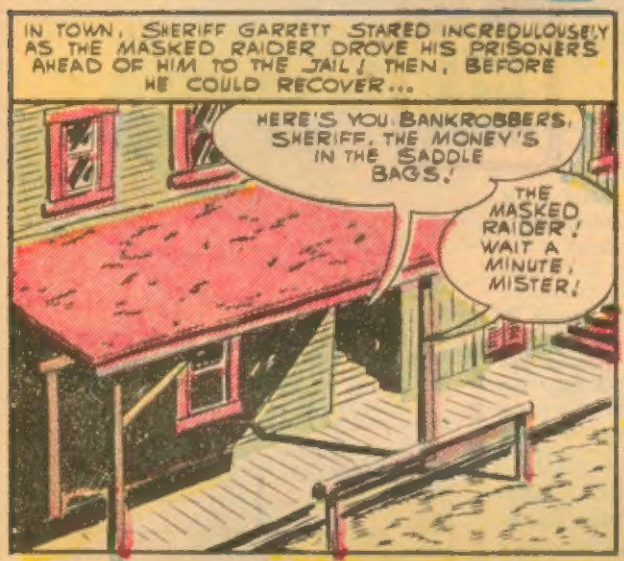
MASKED RAIDER


THE THREE OUTLAWS... FULL OF FIGHT, ONLY MINUTES BEFORE, WAITED SULLENLY FOR THE MASKED RAIDER'S ORDERS...
NEED GUNS FOR YOU HARD CASES. HERE'S THE MONEY! TALK OR I'LL TURN TALON ON YOU.
KEEP THAT BLASTED BIRD AWAY FROM ME, MISTER. THE MONEY'S INSIDE THE HOUSE!

MASKED RAIDER

HERE'S THE MONEY, MISTER! I WISH I'D NEVER SEEN IT -- OR YOU AND THAT EAGLE!
YOU HOLD IT, COLBY! YOU CAN DELIVER IT TO SHERIFF GARRETT IN PERSON!


THE MASKED RAIDER WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT AN ATTEMPED ESCAPE WITH TALON SOARING ABOVE THEM! EACH OF THEM THOUGHT THE HOOKED BEAK, WAS WAITING FOR THEM...
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET TO THE JAIL! I'D RATHER BE IN JAIL THAN HAVE THAT EAGLE HIT ME AGAIN!
WATCH THEM, TALON!


IN TOWN, SHERIFF GARRETT STARED INCREDULOUSELY AS THE MASKED RAIDER DROVE HIS PRISONERS AHEAD OF HIM TO THE JAIL! THEN, BEFORE HE COULD RECOVER...
HERE'S YOU BANKROBBERS, SHERIFF, THE MONEY'S IN THE SADDLE BAGS!
THE MASKED RAIDER! WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER!

THE MASKED RAIDER FLED TO HIS SECRET CAVE IN THE HILLS! A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE BIDS FAREWELL TO HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND...
SO LONG, TALON! I'LL BE OUT TO SEE YOU SOON!

YOU'RE LUCKY, LES! IF THE MASKED RAIDER HADN'T CAUGHT THOSE OUTLAWS BY TRAILING COLBY, YOU'D BE AS POPULAR AS A SNAKE! OH, LES, IF YOU WERE ONLY LIKE HIM!
WE CAN'T ALL BE GUNFIGHTERS AND HEROES, POLLY! I'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON BEING A PEACE LOVING LAWYER!
The END

Mrs. Ruth Long

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At Almost NO COST

Your NEW Real, LIVE MINIATURE DOG

I'll be happy to send you without you paying a penny, this lovable, young, miniature DOG that is so tiny you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks . . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Supply Limited ○ *SEND TODAY!*

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. LIMIT of 2 to any one person. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. **Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES** with each picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons

Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

MRS. RUTH LONG
DEAN STUDIOS, DEPT. X-412
211 W. 7TH ST., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

I would like to receive the miniature dog. Please send me premium letter and 20 coupons.

Enclosed find ..... snapshots or negatives for enlarging. (Limit of two.)

Color Eyes ..... Color Eyes .....
Color Hair ..... Color Hair .....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

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Any Photo Copied

20 BILLFOLD PHOTOS $1

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(Send No Money)

50 for only $2

Double-Weight, Silk Finish, Portrait Paper. Each (2½ x 3½ inch) PHOTO is beautifully DECKLE EDGED.

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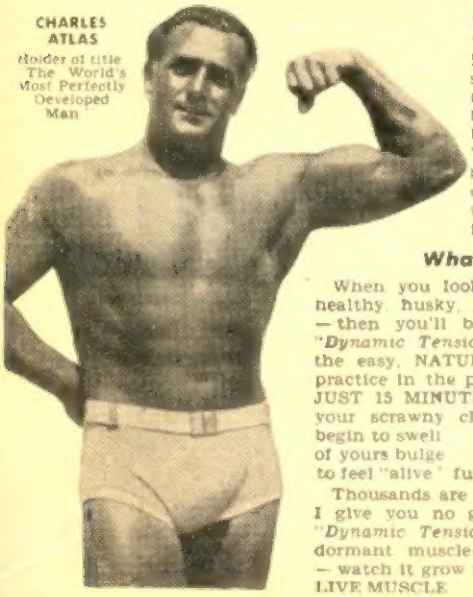
MOVYLAND STUDIOS Dept. 19, 211 W. 7th St., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

Hey SKINNY!
...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!
DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU, JOE!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, FELLA...
SHUT UP, YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND SET HIS FREE BOOK
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG WHAT A BUILD NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP— FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES," REMEMBER?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim Girls made fun of me behind my back THEN I discovered my body - building system "*Dynamic Tension*" It made me such a *complete* specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "*Dynamic Tension*" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive" full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way I give you no gadgets to fool with With "*Dynamic Tension*" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real solid LIVE MUSCLE

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for $1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*, 32 pages of photos, valuable advice Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A *real prize* for any fellow who wants a better build I'll send you a copy FREE It may change your whole life Rush coupon to me personally: *Charles Atlas Dept* 325U, *115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N Y*

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325U,
115 East 23 St., New York 10, N.Y

Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice This book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A

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See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 Card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of entire line to start you making extra money immediately.

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